With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth, and so my L. farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order *Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*
Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.
This is the Indictment of the good L. Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engross'd
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued L. Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why, who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*
Enter Gloucester at one doore Buckingham at another.
Glo. How now my L. what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Touch't you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did; with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleness of minde:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bid them that loues their
Cry, God saue Richard, En
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe m
But like dumbe statues or br
Gazde each on other and l
Which when I saw, I repre
And askt the Mayor what
His answere was, the peopl
To be spoke too, but by th
Then he was vrgde to tell
Thus saith the Duke, thus
But nothing spake in warra
When he had done some f
At the lower end of the ha
And some ten voyces crye
Thankes louing Citizens
This generall applause and
Argues your wisedome an
And so brake off and came
Glo. What tongueless b
Buc. No by my troth my
Glo. Will not the Mayo
Buc. The Maior is heer
Be not spoken withall, bu
And looke you get a pray
And stand betwixt two C
For on that ground Ile bu
Be not easie wonne to ou
Play the maydes part, say
Glo. Feare not me, if tho
As I can say nay to thee fo
No doubt weele bring it
Buc. You shal see what I
Now my Lord Mayor, I
I thinke the Duke will no
Here comes his seruant: h
Cat. My Lord he doth
To visit him to morrow,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34